

TO THE
KINGS

MOST
Excellent Majesty.

The Humble
Petitionary Poem

OF
EDMOND DILLON, Esq;

Temporibus latis tristamur Maxime Cæsar.
Corn. Gallus ad Aug. Cæsar.

L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year, 1664.

TO THE

KING

MOST

Excellent Majesty

The Honble

Petitioners

OF

EDMOND DILLON, Esq;

For the relief of the said Edmond Dillon, Esq;

EDMOND

Printed in the Year 1784

(1)



TO THE
KINGS
MOST
EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

The humble Petitionary Poem of
EDMOND DILLON, Esq;

Pardon (Dread Sir) your Suppliants bold Essay,
That he Petitions not the formal way
Of Prose; or that his pressing grievance he
Dress'd in the Rags of simple Poetry:
Numbers, though never of so fair a stream,
Are thought the best ingredients to a Threne:
The grovelling Muse that durst not towre so high,
(Left sing'd by the Sun of Majesty)
As strive to prove the Trumpet of your praise,
(Such levets sound best from *Maonian* layes:)

Presumes, in a low Elegiack stile,
 That fits the Genius of her native Isle,
 To give those plaints, some kind of Mourning cloase,
 Her prostrate Master, thus most humbly shewes:
 Great Sir, whilst you fair Halcyon dayes restore,
 Transmuting the late Age of Churlish Ore;
 By a blest Chymistry to golden times,
 Such, as that suckling world, the Poet chimes;
 When undeflow'r'd *Astrea* at the Helm
 Of every peaceful Common-wealth and Realm
 Presided; and the streams of Justice ran
 Clear and unthwarted, when frail mortal man,
 With heavenly Nectar had sublim'd his blood;
 For then the Womb of every common flood
 Went pregnant with that sacred drink; no pride
 Or lux gave sources to that Scarlet tide
 Of blood, and strife, which since the Earth hath stain'd;
 A native innocence as Empress reign'd,
 And wise simplicity made States secure;
 No Politicks or mischeif were in Ure.
 Much of these blessings now (like Manna) shew's
 On *Albion*, from *Jehovah's* azure Tow'rs
 Dispens'd by You; since that auspicious time,
 God made his Type, and lawful *Steward* climb
 The Widowed Throne; and in this Orphan-land
 Restor'd the Fathers Sovereign Command:

A land that panted underneath the weight
 Of Tyranny, swoln to a lasting height:
 No Joys, nor lucid intervals, were seen;
 No truce to ills, nor holy dayes between.
 O were the teeming Fates ev'r brought to bed,
 Of happier wonders, in no story read
 Then met in you; Who couldst at once set free
 Your peoples Necks, without Phlebotomie,
 From slavish yokes; and so resume in peace
 Your Scepter, on which Traytors Swords did seize:
 Christ came in peace; You in that Juncture come
 When *Jannus's* Fane was shut; and Christendom
 Charm'd down her feudes, to usher in our King
 With a calm Subline: This mysterious thing,
 Or rather Miracle of Providence,
 None fathom'd with the line of humane sence.
 But stay; * You came, and saw, and overcame
 All hearts on sight, outstripping *Cesars* fame,
 And wing'd exploits; his Triumphs sanguin'd were,
 Your Trophies richer; love and filial feare:
 On this Foundation a kind Conquest lay'd,
 You in short time stupendious Works display'd;
 Struck out of Chaos that overspread this place,
 A light, that gave all things a smiling face;
 As *Titan* doth, emergent from the Sea,
 Shoulder the night, and guild the sacred day;
 That

* *Veni, vidi,
 vici.*

That *Babel* raz'd; proud *Ninivah* would have rear'd
 Here, Gods anointed; and the Heav'ns to beard;
 And out of dark confusion did'st create;
 New luminaries in the sphears of State:
 Witness your Council; Men so sage, so grave;
 And *Argus* ey'd; as dangers well may stave
 Off, from your Crown; And old *Rome's* Senate might,
 Have hugg'd their Maxims, for a Ruling light;
 Intrigues of State, to your chief; *Prætor* are,
 As obvious and familiar as the Air,
 That he can solve the most abstruse with ease,
 Not can himself could Rival him in these.
 Your Parliaments so well affected stand,
 (Ah that your Sire had that high Court so mand)
 As, to your Service, brisk, to consecrate
 More, then your Moderation may late.
 The wholsome Law now vigorously returns
 Unto the pristine Channel; and their turns
 Justice and Mercy, in your God-like Soul
 Have, but your Mercies the ascendant hold;
 Those bright endowments radicate and plant
 The Throne, upon a Base of Adamant.
 Your Naval, and Land-forces, may give work,
 Nay, Plough up the invading numerous *Turk*,
 With all those Barbarous Troops; should they but lie
 Contiguous; for our Heroes Chivalrie.

* The Lord
 Chancellor of
 England.

Torke

Torky Royal Duke, Your Neptune of the Seas,
 May give our little world a Writ of ease
 From Forrein Wars; Who, as with Brazen walls,
 With *Canon*, Men and Oak our Isles impales.
 Nor may Your Kingdoms dread, henceforth, those
 Of civil, yet the most *uncivil, Jars; (scars * *Bella— plus*
 Whilst the RESTORING *Albermarle*, doth stand, *quam civilia*
 Your tutelar * Camillus of the Land. — *Lucan.*
 That Hydra' of Plots, too often hatch'd in Hell
 *Gainst You, (I hope) is now crusht in the shell. * *Plutarch. in*
 No corner of the Earth, but spues forth those *the life of Ca-*
 To Tyburn, or the like, Your Trayterous foes. *millus.*
 Great Princes in their spousals, less consult
 Their private fancies, then what may result
 To publick good; both interests of weight;
 You in your Royal Bride did complicate;
 Whose All-divine accomplishments do lye,
 Almost transparent to each vulgar eye;
 As they create all Reverence and Love,
 Which that diffusive grief, last year, might prove,
 In her great sickness, whose sad bruit exprest
 Ev'n real sobs, from the Fanatique breast.
Clotilde, Endoxia, and Pulcheria,
 Queens, only Angels quilts, may well pourtray,
 Are copied out in her; their vertues there
 Meet, and constellate all, on that bright spheare;
 B And

And what doth solace much a pious Son,
 Your Mother Queens rich benediction
 And heavenly converse, add to your delight;
 Her venerable Glories feast Your sight.
 Not *Cybele* the Goddess-dame of all
 The spangled dwellers, of high heav'n's *White-hall*,
 More lustre gave t'Her deathless progeny,
 Or they to Her (fam'd in old Poesie)
 Then you do both, by mutual reflex,
 The best of Men, best of the female Sex.

*Nihil deinde
 opare a Diis
 homines, nihil
 Diis hominibus
 praestare pos-
 sent, Nihil
 voto concipi,
 nihil felicitate
 connumerari,
 quod non Au-
 gustus post re-
 ditum in ur-
 bem, Reib.
 populoque
 Romano, ter-
 rarumq; orbi
 representavit.
 Vel. Patere. in
 Hist. Rom. lib. 2

What would the *Caledonian* Nation crave,
 Or *England* wish? They by your influence have
 Peace, Liberty, and *Amaltheas* horn;
 Their collaps'd Honours raised from the Urn.
 * The peoples full content, in Roman story,
 Makes the Corolary of *Augustus's* Glory;
 Which he indulg'd, at his return to *Rome*,
 As You have done, since You arriv'd at home.
 Whil'st these things speak you happy, good, and great,
 All in Superlatives, and to compleat
 Her Joys, great *Brittain* nought can want,
 If with due sence, She on her blifs descant::
 Shall your poor *Irish* vassals solely be;
 Excluded still from the grand Jubile?
 And ~~we~~ ^{wee} are Excommunicated all,
 From mixing in the publick Festival?

By

(7)

By what Caprich of fortune doth our clime
Wear blacks, whilst rayes of Grace so near us shine?
How comes our Nation to sing *Lachrima*,
On Jovial *Christmas* and the *Paschal* day?
Our Seniors, who long'd (*Simeon*-like) to hear
Or see their King, Christs figure, in his sphear
Of Regal pow'r to move; though they retri'd
Their drooping spirits, soon as you arriv'd;
And seem'd (like Eagles) to resume their youth,
Thinking, that day should terminate their Ruth;
Yet, now court deaths Post-haste, because they see,
Nought else alleviates their Miseric.

Our youth seem * superannuated, with grief;
There's such cunctation us'd in their releif;
And maids wear squallid looks; their sprightly airs
Chang'd, to the pallid symptoms of despairs.

Our Matrons spent their tears, that liquid stock
In them, is drayn'd by sorrows constant shock;
Their ills, that crusted *Niobies*, outvi'd,
And so * t'amazement they are petrifi'd.

Who, but a *Jeremy*, with *Enthean* quill,
Our Woes in Tragick lines could well distil?

No Age or Sex but is disconsolate,
Such is our Countries lamentable State:

As if *Nolls* ghost should from the *Stygian* Strand,
Raife Magick Vapours still t'enchaut our Land

* Et doloratam
justitiam
esse suam.
*Boet. de Consol.
phi.*

* Cura leves
loquuntur, in-
gentes stupent
Sen. Trag.

Under old bondage, which his Laws impos'd;
 For our Estates lie (a great part) transpos'd,
 As he assign'd them, 'twixt his Creatures shar'd
 And *Independent* hoast, whose fat doth lard
 Numbers of them: And thus did he divide
 Our spoils and Fortunes; and so gratifi'd
 His Armies active Zeal t'exterminate
 This Monarchy, and buoy him up in State.

* Et pro cri-
 mine omni
 aut opes, aut
 opimi agri.
Lip. de const.

Rich^d Fields and Loyalty were our chief Crimes,
 The last was Vertue, in serener times;
 For which shall we make constant Pennance thus,
 The only Plea that should ingratiate us?
 Who of three shatter'd Nations, were the last,
 Fought out your Cause, and in your Quarrel cast,
 The final Ruins of your Party; You
 May with your *Fiat*, build us up a new;
 Who suffer'd crushing, ere we'd violate,
 By yielding soon, that Peace of Forty Eight:
 A Solemn Peace; I hope 'tis not forgot,
 Your Ermines will not sully with that blot.
 He's scarce your Friend, would seek to conjure down
 Those publick condescentions, You did own;
 Would Sacrifice, to private ends, or spleen,
 A Glorious Monarchs hallowed esteem:
 What need I hint the confluence of our men
 From all those Forraign parts, they served in,

About

About your Sacred Person, then abroad;
 Those timely duties You do not explode;
 But mind; so to their Sovereign, the Sea,
 Rivers flow far, and Crystal tributes pay:
 Nor was't by land alone, in that Exile,
 The Touchstone of true Faith; as we may stile
 All such disasters, They espous'd Your Cause;
 But on the Ocean too, steer'd by your Laws;
 Their loyal *Palinures* fought to support
 Your Admiralty-Court, from Port to Port:
 Then (as we should) our hopes we anchor'd, sure,
 On Your glad Restauration, for our cure;
 Yet still our Country-business, panting lyes,
 And with slow Hectiques languishing, it dyes.
 The *Irish Ordeil*, was the Court of Claims,
 Few through that fire, with slender venial stains
 Could pass unsing'd; Yet were the Judges free
 From the least byaz of Partiality:
 But by their Rules, such as were strictly chaulk't
 Out, for our Tryals, they exactly walk't;
 Whilst heinous Crimes are blauncht, forgot, or drown'd
 In that vast Sea of Mercy, most have found,
 Flowing in Your Amnestia; only we
 Are left obnoxious to all scrutinie:
 Our lives are sifted, and set on the Rack,
 False evidence suborn'd to make us black.

Of Heav'n's strait ingress, what the Gospel says,
 On Earth is typified in our days:
 Our Innocence (which to the test was put)
 Must shine like that of Infants, ere they shoot
 Up, to their dangerous years; or else no man
 Of our poor *Israel* enters *Canaan*;
 None are restored; Yet through those narrow straights
 Some have got in, unto their old Estates;
 And hundreds more, on this preciser score
 To Innocence have title; but the door
 (They say) is shut, the time efflux'd for those,
 As though men would your long-liv'd justice close;
 Or bounty stint t' a few months space; who can
 So circumscribe it, shackels th' Ocean,
 The Law defines; *An droit ne peut mourir*,
 An ancient Right, is like the Vestal fire,
 Never extinct, though darkn'd 'tis, sometime,
 When gold or favour will not make it shine;
 Nay some restorable by Acts of Grace
 And Parliament, a shadow yet imbrace;
 Whilst the effects of your intendments are
 Wanting; they're only Landlords titular.
 Bill after Bill, we see transmitted o're
 One clashing with the other, though before
 An Act; like that * chaste Princess's endless web
 Wrought with great pains, yet soon unravelled;

* Penelope.

Our

Our Souls were night-mar'd by these Ambages,
 These Circuits did our vital bloods oppress;
 And after all, a rueful murmur was
 Of late, there should a fatal sentence pass
 On *Irish* Interests; oh! a publick grief,
 Nothing can cozen me to the belief;
 We should be in a righteous Princes sence,
 Made victimes to alleadg'd convenience:
 Angels defend, That, that anoynted hand,
 Should sign the desolation of a Land,
 Or people, whose hands, hearts, and all they have,
 (As bound) are Yours devoted, to the grave:
 * And if we know the Lyon by his paws,
 Those three late Noble *Irish Scævolaes*,
 Who in *Lofanna* did such miracles
 For You, do by that recent feat express
 The loyal Genius of our Nation still,
 To live or dye at their great Sovereigns will.
 But with this Subject I no more shall grate
 Upon Your Royal patience; They could state
 With greater Emphasis our sad distress,
 Who long in steddý Prose made our address;
 We have this comfort, that Your Wisdoms choice
 Was such a Vice-Roy, as by general voice,
 Of us and all true Subjects; none could be
 More fit to play that Arduous game, than he;

* Ex ungue
 Iconem.

Brave

* Cui fidus

Achares

it comes, &
paribus curis
vestigia figit.Vir. lib. 6. *aneid** Plutarch, in
the life of Alex.

Brave *Ormond* your * *Achates*, went a share
In all your Forraign strayings, all your cares,
None * lov'd the KING, with more entireness, since
Graterus did the *Macedonian* Prince;

The Spirit of his Government we found
Ere now, so sagely temper'd, and so sound,
As we may hope a future Plenilune
Of blessings by't; and that his Grace will tune
For you the *Irish* Harp, long speechless grown,
In the sad solstice of Her Sovereigns Throne;
And with the Musick of his Ruling hand,
Compose the jarring Interests of that Land;
As once *Amphion* by the rise and fall
Of his sweet noats, had built the *Theban* wall;
Charm'd the materials thither; stones, that be
Of different forms, danc'd to a Symmetry.
But publick matters, and affairs of State,
Th'officious Muse doth Supererogate
To touch upon; for those are things beyond
Her flagging fancies humble Horizon:
It were presumption in a puny wit,
A kind of Sacrilege it may commit,
Handling of those absconded Misteries,
Not penetrable by thick-sighted eyes:
An honest Subject must revere, not fret
At the Results of's Princes Cabinet.

Now

Now give me leave, most Gracious Liege, to say
 Somewhat expressed in a doleful key
 Concerning my own case ; tis singular ;
 As, I, with all submission, will declare :
 When *Cromwel*, that prodigious Tyrant was
 Rais'd to the height, on Colloßes of brass
 His greatness built, above the shock of fate,
 As many thought, who did not meditate
 That so excentrique and unjust a Rise,
 Preluded to a signal precipice :
 When he had trampled on the necks of all,
 His terroure became Oecumenical ;
 That Bird of prey, whose sanguinary beak
 Quarri'd on us, and did his fury wreak ;
 Who made each Fault, a Capital offence,
 And moulded Laws of bloody Elements,
 * *Domitian*-like ; when thinking of our King,
 Were no less than a Treasonable thing ;
 If thoughts had a material substance been,
 Or could be felt, heard, understood, or seen :
 Much more to Speak, or Write against the State,
 Nought but th'Offenders death could expiate :
 Ev'n in those slavish, touchy times, have I
 (It is a Truth, and no thraſonick lye)
 Declar'd in *Ireland*, for the Royal Cause,
 And the Usurpers Paricide did blaze,
 Th'Injustice of that Regicidal Court,
 Vail'd under Justice's pageantry and port
 Decry'd ; 'gainst those, that would all Law subvert,
 Did to my power Just Monarchy assert :
 This, after the reduction of that Isle,
 When an iniquous Peace did seem to smile

* Tacitus de
 domit.

In servitude; and none could roll one stone
 In your behalf, all Armless, overthrown;
 I made my best, though impotent Essay,
 Some Lectures of Allegiance to display;
 And so revive the thoughts of Majesty
 In some, which by long dissuetude might die:
 Timists were pos'd, each (O imprudence) cry'd,
 To duel thus a violent stream or tyde.
 But old experience, as a truth, defines,
 That * Love and Wisdom are not always Twins;
 A loyal passion, and my bleeding sence
 Of Injur'd Sovereignty and Innocence,
 Transported then my Soul, so to discharge
 Her just resentments; and foretell at large
 A Change; the hanging of some Demagogues,
 Giving them genuine Characters of Rogues;
 Which, since fulfill'd, Your Majesty, I see,
 Dubb'd that gross speech, a kind of Prophecie.
 My charge, and censure may in part appear
 By the annex'd, which thousands can averr:
 The Crime (forsooth) was publick, and look'd on
 Unpresidented there, a monstrous one,
 Which, Jealous Rebels, whom their Conscience rack't,
 Thought, sure, was, with a Belgick Army back't,
 Or rather *Irish* wayting on their King;
 From *Flanders* streight all dangers hovering:
 My person was secur'd, a perilous wight,
 In labour with deep Kingish plots, to light
 Now brought; so did they word it, then, of me;
 Would I could merit that proud Elogy.
 I wanted pow'r, but evidenc'd my will
 Th'effects of their ombrages to fulfil.

* Difficile est
 sapere, & a-
 mare.

* Bradshaw
 and Cook.

And

And, as I fought by female dint of Tongue
 Or Pen, to vindicate that horrid wrong :
 The unexampled Murther of my Prince ;
 When other Arms, we had not for offence ;
 Had I *Bryareus's* hundred hands to boot,
 A Gyant-stature of a hundred foot
 In each dimension, and *Alcides* Club,
 And strength ; I would, in short, those Monsters grub,
 Those poysons quell, whose *Luciferean* pride
 Murther'd one King, the other did proscribe.
 But all I could, I did, not what I would ;
 God takes the hearts pure Incense, more than Gold,
 Or Hecatombes ; a richer Sacrifice
 Than that, or what most precious, men do prize ;
 Life, fortune, goods, I could not offer you ;
 All which I stak'd, and fairly ventur'd too ;
 Nay Shipwrackt all almost upon one shelf,
 By loyal gustes, I scarce survive my self :
 From Prison, unto Prison, guardes did hale
 Me, as a holocauste, prejudg'd by all
 To their Protectors Shambles (such have been,
 Where Cavallier-flesh did feast their spleen.)
 Now the dire Pageants, all the * pomp of death,
 More dreadful than Death'self (our vital breath
 Is oft exhal'd with ease) before me dwell,
 And every Tongue became my Passing-bell :
 At length they hurried me unto the Bar,
 And strange Tribunal mixt of Peace and War ;
 I was Arraign'd, Convicted, and with sound
 Of a Fanatick Verdict, guilty found ;
 Yet with vast charges, and what Friends could do,
 In those extreams, my tender'd life, to woove

* Plus terret
 pompa mor-
 tis, quam mors
 ipsa.

With all the Charms, that to some mercy'enline
 Obdured hearts; I, with a pondrous fine
 And heavier mulcts, was formally repriv'd
 Beyond all hopes; yet malice so contriv'd
 The sentence past; as men might call that doom.
 A dying life, or living Martyrdom:
 For I have languisht, sans main-prize or bayl,
 Whole years, a constant tennant to the Jayl;
 (Such was my censure) to the huge decay
 Of health and wealth, which melted all away;
 Exhausted what I had, and what had not,
 Sign'd bonds for sums, which yet I could not blot,
 And pawn'd the Rubbish of my fortunes; down
 Tumbled, before, in th' Ruins of the Crown.
 My solace was the Justice of my Cause,
 For King, and Kings Prerogatives and Laws;
 When some that well remark't; and took the height
 Of my great Persecutions, cause, and weight
 Of circumstances, that attended these,
 So signaliz'd in those *Neronian* dayes,
 Made sure account, some guerdon lay in store
 For this; when God should our great *Charl's* restore.
 But I digress, such was my passive state,
 Till *Oliver* dropt hence by a sluggish fate;
 And *Richard* from Usurping, like his sire,
 A Meteor faln, scarce dwindled to a squire;
 Since have I chang'd the Scene, but not my woes;
London, a kind of splendid durance grows
 To me; where more then thousand days did pass,
 Whilst I these banks of Silver *Thames* do trace;
 Wore out almost the pavements of *White-Hall*,
 Dancing attendance, gazing on the Wall;

My waiting, oft was paid with empty aire,
 Though my pretensions, I thought, just and faire.
 Papers on Papers, long since I have pil'd,
 Petitions of my Tragick stories fil'd;

Yet, most times, that elaborat Address,
 Was soon blown over, and but cold success;

Arachnes subtile textures in a Room,
 Are thus confounded by the careless broom.

Due Reverence, long from your Princely ears
 Stav'd off my plaints, the subject of my tears;

Whilst here a Rumper, there, Fanatick Elves
 Did all the while, *par tort*, possess themselves

Of my true Birth-right; cultivate that clay,
 My loyal Syres acquir'd a fairer way,

And whose fruition they design'd for me:
 The Posthume shadow of their Familie.

Twelve tedious years with leaden wings are flown,

Since I, (* *That house, This soyl was once my own*)

Could make the burthen of my Song, tis time

I change that note, and say, *These now are mine*;

If your poor Sufferers narrative, you rate,

As, to indulge that happiness, * though late;

Its true, long since, I got an Antipast

Of Grace; my name put on the Act that's past

For *Ireland's* Settlement; but tantaliz'd

My hopes were still, by those words; *till Repriz'd*;

Remove from me (dread Sovereign) this spell,

Which your few Gracious lines can soon unspell;

For though my Fortunes deeply wounded lie,

Your hand hath balm, and healing faculty;

Which in some measure will effect their cure

If you vouchsafe subscribing, to secure

* En queis
 consecvimus
 agros, *Virg. Ec.*

* Libertas,
 quæ sera ta-
 men, reipexit
 inertem. *ibid.*

My

My Title; and what should result of that,
 Possession, in the now bill; (which like fate
 To me's uncertain) if you please to say
 The word, Your Sage Committee will obey.
 O sacred breath, that with one sound can heave
 My Fortunes Resurrection from the Grave!
 My suit's not great; the Giver dignifies,
 What, otherwise, men slenderly might prize.
 Stories relate, how, in that ancient time,
 When Mantuan *Virgil* in a Matachine
 Of fate, was hurried from Estate, and Land;
 (Like ours, that Transplantation, Authors brand)
Octavius gave his orders to restore
 This *Titius*, with many favours more;
 Sir, Y'are *Augustus* like; but (ah) where's now
 The Magick of great *Maroe's* lines to move;
Cæsar! look on the sameness of our case,
 Not on the different cloase, my home-spun phrase,
 Which through the limbeck's not distill'd, or terse,
 Like that refin'd, late modish flux of verse;
 My Muse hath peccant humours; wants a leech,
 Whose Mother-tongue's the quainter *English* speech,
 As tis not hers, who with cross fortune still
 Wraftling; nev'r clammer'd up *Parnassus*-hill.
Titus, the darling of mankind, their grace;
 * Thought, none should from before the Princes face
 In sadness turn; O *Titus* of our world,
 Now that the *Iris* Seas are to be curl'd
 By my slow Oars; I hope, I shall not part
 This awful presence with a down-cast heart;
 My debts contracted here, are great; those things
 That most oppress, next to the weight of sins;

Deb'ts

* *Neminem
 oportet a
 Principis
 vultu tristem
 discedere.*
Sueton.

Debts by three years attendance, were incur'd,
 Since I, for right, to this Fount-head recurr'd;
 Which, if your bounty daigns, are soon defray'd;
 To beg of Kings, is no ignoble trade,
 Yet when tis practis'd least; a modest man,
 Before he craves, his wants will strictly scan;
 All I implore, tautologizing thus,
 Is, but my old Estate, to pay those dues.
 My sufferings signal were, so may they be
 The objects of your Princely clemency;
 And if with some compassion they affect
 Your Royal breast; be pleas'd, of your elect
 Restorable, among the Nominees
 I may be one; (so *Jove*, I hope, decrees;)
 And your Petitioner will acquiesce
 In Praying God, Your Majesty to bless.

F I N I S.
